



It Pays to Advertise in the Rising Son for it Reaches More Homes of Colored People than any other Paper in the State.

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Miss Emma Smith of this city who has for the past two years been a member of the Blind Boone Concert Company, had her first opportunity of appearing before an audience of her home people on Wednesday evening at Allen Chapel. The reception she received at their hands was eminently fitting to one of her rare talent and most highly gratifying to her many personal friends.

The marriage of Miss Anna May Long to Mr. Edward Gillam took place at the Vine street church on Tuesday night, April 19, at 8 o'clock. The Rev. Thomas H. Ewing performed the ceremony. Miss Carrie Long was maid of honor. Misses Myrtle Jackson and Clara Wilson were the bridesmaids. Mr. Ed Hayes was the best man, assisted by Messrs. Joseph McCarty and James Ford. The bride wore a white Persian lawn, trimmed in white lace, and carried American beauty roses. The bridesmaids wore white dresses and carried white roses.

The groom and best man wore full dress suits and Miss Lella Christian played the wedding march. The ceremony was attended by about 450 people. Messrs. Wm. Marshall and William Harris were the ushers.

The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride, 1410 East 19th street. The house was decorated with white and pink carnations and roses; the dining room was decorated with white and pink carnations; white and pink ribbons were strung from the ceiling to the corner of the table where the bride's cake sat. Punch was served in the corner of the dining room by Miss Maggie Long. Refreshments were served about 10:30 to about 200 people. The reception was followed by an infare at the residence of Mrs. Derrick, 2115 Vine St., Wednesday night; about 75 people attended. The bride received many beautiful presents.

W. C. HARRIS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The first grand piano recital was given at St. Mary's A. M. E. church, Monday evening, March 14, by Prof. Samuel Lee and his pupils.

An excellent program was rendered, which showed the ability and the progress the pupils have made in such a short period of time. Prof. Lee is a graduate of one of the leading conservatories in America, and all who employ him will find him a highly competent teacher. Last Monday evening, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the church was packed.

While some of the teachers in the colored schools do their duty by colored enterprises, others lay back and criticize the efforts of others, but you must learn to help the things that help you. We can be used, but you must be used likewise.

A NEGRO MUSICAL PRODIGY.
Blind Boone, a Negro and a Missourian by birth, is the surviving Negro musical prodigy with a fame equal to that of Blind Tom.
Blind Boone exhibited a wonderfully peculiar talent for music at a tender age. His first musical instrument was a tin whistle, on which he could play any ordinary air after once hearing it. Later on he was presented with a mouth harp. On this simple instrument, without preparation, or practice, he played the popular airs in such a manner that brought



BLIND BOONE AND MANAGER LANGE.

both charm and admiration to his hearers. Blind Boone's aptitude for music brought him in favor with some of the leading white families of Warrensburg, Mo., his home, several of whom raised a purse to be devoted to securing him an education and trade at the St. Louis Blind School. This effort was of no avail, however, for his inclination ran counter to everything except music, and at the sound of a piano he was restless until afforded an opportunity to get to the keyboard. Finally Blind Boone was dismissed from the St. Louis institution and he wandered around, giving exhibitions of his musical skill on every instrument he could get hold of. Presently he organized a little company of three, whose respective instruments were the tambourine, triangle and mouth-organ. The trio started out on the road and as change was scarce they more frequently took the dirt road and tramped from town to town. In many places they drew large audiences but not the kind that give freely and thus the company endured many hardships and was finally disbanded. Shortly afterward Blind Boone formed the acquaintance of John Lange and a mutual admiration sprang up between the two. Mr. Lange was a Sunday school teacher in Columbia, Mo., and he employed Boone to play for his class every Sunday. He also contracted with Boone's mother to give him a musical education and put him on the road. After Boone acquired the necessary training in music a company known as the Blind Boone company was formed and for nearly twenty years it has been giving concerts and exhibitions in the various cities in the United States and Canada with exceptional success. Blind Boone is the drawing card of a company which is composed of thorough musicians. John Lange, who is manager of the company, is well fixed financially, the former holding real estate of considerable value in Kansas City.

If you desire one of the Magnetic Hair Straighteners or some Ozone we have it in stock at the Rising Son office and all other preparations from the Boston Chemical Co.



MRS. F. J. JACKSON.

IMPOSING EXERCISES AT GARRISON SCHOOL

A few weeks ago Principal R. T. Coles, of the Garrison school, received a letter from Mr. Francis Jackson Garrison, of Boston, son of William Lloyd Garrison, inquiring if the school was named for his father. On being informed that it was, he sent him a large portrait of his father and five handsome volumes of his father's life for the Garrison School library. The boys in the manual training department framed the picture, and on Friday afternoon a large crowd of patrons and friends joined with the children in appropriate exercises when the picture was unveiled. It was one of the most impressive as well as instructive meetings ever held in the school.

Many in the audience shed tears when the speakers referred to our benefactor and how he suffered and sacrificed for the liberation of the slaves.

1. Invocation, Rev. W. M. Hawkins.
2. Chant, 121st Psalm.
3. Remarks, by the Principal.
4. Hymn—Enlisted Men.
5. Quotations from Garrison's writings and speeches, by Seventh Grade.
6. Reading short sketch of Garrison's life, by Master Joe Bowler.
7. Hymn—How Firm a Foundation.
8. Address, Mrs. Frances J. Jackson.
9. Vocal Solo, Mr. W. T. White.
10. Remarks, Rev. M. Christian and Father Thomas G. Harper.
11. Hymn—Battle Hymn of the Republic.
12. Hymn—Steal Away to Jesus.

The four-volume life was written by Mr. Garrison's children and presented to the school by Mrs. Fannie Garrison Villard.

The following is Mrs. Jackson's address: Teachers, Pupils and Friends: We have assembled to-day to do honor to one of America's greatest sons, the best, most loyal, most unselfish friend our race ever had. Perhaps this statement may seem extravagant, but when we review the anti-slavery movement in this country, the truth of the above statement is forced upon us. Says Johnson, "No careful student of history can fail to be struck by the fact that in every crisis of human affairs men have been raised up with special qualifications for the work needed to be done at that particular time. The hour strikes for the achievement of a great reform and lo, a man appears upon the stage commissioned and equipped of God for the task." He gives the key-note to rallying thousands; he sounds the charge against an iniquitous institution, mighty in aspect but ripening for destruction. He calls a nation to repentance for its crimes against humanity and warns it of divine retribution for sin. Such

men are prophets of God in their generation—misrepresented, persecuted, maligned, and sometimes slain, but always honored of God and sure at last to be honored of men. What a catalogue of such men "of whom the world was not worthy," might be culled from history—men whose bloody footsteps are the way marks of human progress and to whom under God, we owe what is most valuable in our civilization and most beneficent in the application of Christianity to society and its institutions. One of the greatest of all this host, the prophet of one of the grandest reforms that the world has ever witnessed, is William Lloyd Garrison.

Born of humble but worthy parents, he inherited his literary tastes and inclinations from his father, his unswerving Christian faith from his mother. They tried to make a shoemaker of him, but he would not; they then apprenticed him to a printer, and here he seemed to find his life work and the composing-stick the most formidable weapon in the warfare he waged against sin and oppression.

Your principal was most happy in the selection of the name of this great man as the name for this school, because if the boys and girls who attend this school are made familiar with the story of his life, it will be a constant source of inspiration to them and teach them a lesson of gratitude that will broaden their sympathies, deepen their charity, toward our oppressors of to-day.

It is chiefly of the lesson that we may learn from this noble, unselfish life, that I wish to emphasize in my talk. No eulogy of mine could add anything to his greatness. It stands out clearly defined, unique and alone in our country's history, like some lofty peak silhouetted against a clear sky, whose grandeur nothing can dim or enhance.

From printer to editor seemed but a step to this new prophet. He became interested in the slaves through Lundy, a Quaker, who seems to have been the only one to keep alive the spark of liberty for the slaves. The whole country at that time seemed to be utterly oblivious to the wrongs of their black brothers in chains. Garrison left New England and went to Baltimore to assist Lundy in the publishing of The Genius of Universal Emancipation, but Lundy was a Quaker and Garrison a stern, unyielding New Englander, and how were two men of such opposite opinions to get along? Lundy preached gradual emancipation; Garrison immediate emancipation. They compromised matters by signing their initials to their articles. It was not long before such a bold spirit who dared to strike at slavery in its stronghold should be hampered, should be persecuted and



Principal R. T. Coles, organizer of the Garrison school and one of the most practical and successful educators in the city.

not tolerated in a community whose prosperity depended on the slaves and the fruits of their toil.

An article appeared denouncing the slave trade as practiced in Baltimore, no better than the foreign slave trade, which was termed piracy. This so incensed the owner of the ship who had taken a cargo of slaves to New Orleans, that he had Mr. Garrison arrested and tried. A heavy fine was imposed and as Mr. Garrison had no money it seemed as if he would have to serve a term in jail, but a friend from New York paid the fine and he was released. To a spirit less intruder this experience would have cooled his ardor; what was he to gain by waging war on sin and oppression. The cause of a down-trodden race only brought enmity, hatred and all uncharitable upon any one who dared assert that the blacks had as much right to liberty as the whites. In the face of this storm of rising indignation Garrison never for a moment lowered his standard or thought to temporize, to consider expediency or to compromise. His imprisonment broke off the partnership with Lundy and he went to Massachusetts to continue the war he had begun.

My friends, think of a young man of 25, without money, without friends, without home, presuming to do battle against the whole country in behalf of the slave.

Can the mind picture an act more sublime? Think for a moment what he had to fight against. The church, one would think, would have risen up and in no uncertain tone spoke in behalf of the slave, but did she? No, a thousand times no. She turned her back on Garrison and her minister called him a fanatic, reviled him and helped to persecute him. The state winked at the persecution of him and his followers, the press cried "away with him," and there seemed no place for him to turn for sympathy or help but the mighty arm of the Lord was about him and would not let him fall. He began publishing the Liberator in Boston, and vigorously assaulting slavery in the South and its sympathizers in the North, and nothing daunted or caused him to falter in the course he had chosen. Time will not

permit me to go minutely into the anti-slavery movement, but a brief summary will show what was accomplished by Mr. Garrison because he believed in right and never wavered or turned aside for one moment in his effort to establish the right and beat down the wrong. The first Anti-Slavery society was organized in Boston on a dark, stormy night in the lecture room of a colored church on December 16, 1831. They numbered twelve, and thus began the organized warfare to overcome a great moral wrong, whose small beginning gradually gathered around it a mighty host whose influence caused the mighty to tremble and whose momentum not even the mighty armed forces of the South could stop. Did this happen in a day, a year? No, patient, unceasing toil brought it about through the divine providence of God. From 1831 to 1861 is a far cry. "But truth crushed to earth will rise again—the eternal years of God are hers—But error wounded with pain and dies—Among her worshippers."

We come to-day bearing the olive branch of hope to the boys and girls of Garrison school. What is there for them to hope for in this country, wallowing in the slough of prejudice and rank injustice? Are we less brave than Garrison, were the times more propitious for the success of his cause than ours? Yet he lived to see the shackles of the slaves broken and the slaves made free citizens. Did he weary because every door was closed in his face? No, he forced them open, not by violence, but by the justice of his cause. Did his faith in God waver because his church and her minister passed him by on the other side? No, his faith remained steadfast in spite of all.

Did he grow weary of the struggle because so few were willing to identify themselves with an unpopular movement? No, he became more tenacious of his purpose.

Can we do less for ourselves and our race than did Garrison? We feel that whenever you look upon the kindly face of your patron saint, that every little bosom will heave with the determination to make the race better and stronger for having lived.